The little birds that tune their mornings ioy,
Make her mones mad, with their ſweet melodie,
"For mirth doth ſearch the bottome of annoy,
"Sad ſoules are ſlaine in merrie companie,
"Griefe beſt is pleaſ'd with griefes ſocietie;
"True ſorrow then is feelinglie ſuffiz'd,
"VVhen with like ſemblance it is ſimpathiz'd.

"Tis double death to drowne in ken of ſhore,
"He ten times pines, that pines beholding food,
"To ſee the ſalue doth make the wound ake more:
"Great griefe greeues moſt at that wold do it good;
"Deepe woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
VVho being ſtopt, the boũding banks oreflowes,
Griefe dallied with, nor law, nor limit knowes.

You mocking Birds (quoth ſhe) your tunes intombe
VVithin your hollow ſwelling feathered breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumbe,
My reſtleſſe diſcord loues no ſtops nor reſts:
"A woefull Hoſteſſe brookes not merrie gueſts.
Raliſh your nimble notes to pleaſing eares,
"Diſtres likes dũps whẽ time is kept with teares.

Come